

That is the man of so gret sapience,
That held us lovers leest in reverence!
Now, thanked be God, he may goon in the daunce
Of hem that Love list feebly for to avaunce!

But, O thou woful Troilus, God wolde,
Sin thou most loven thurgh thy destinee,
That thou beset were on swich oon that sholde
Knowe al thy wo, al lakkede hir pitee:
But al so cold in love, towards thee,
Thy lady is, as frost in winter mone,
And thou fordoon, as snow in fyr is sone.

God wolde I were aryved in the port
Of deeth, to which my sorwe wil me lede!
A, Lord, to me it were a greet comfort;
Then were I quit of languissching in drede.
For by myn hidde sorwe yblowe on brede
I shal bijaped been a thousand tyme
More than that fool of whos folye men ryme.

But now help God, and ye, swete, for whom
I pleyne, ycaught, ye, never wight so faste!
O mercy, dere herte, and help me from
The deeth, for I, whyl that my lyf may laste,
More than myself wol love yow to my laste.
And with som frendly look gladeth me, swete,
Though never more thing ye me bihete!

Thise wordes and ful manye another to
He spak, and called ever in his compleynte
Hir name, for to tellen hir his wo,
Til neigh that he in salte teres dreynte.
Al was for nought, she herde nought his pleynte;
And whan that he bithoughte on that folye,
A thousand fold his wo gan multiplye.

Biwayling in his chambre thus allone,
A freend of his, that called was Pandare,
Com ones in unwar, and herde him grone,
And sey his freend in swich distresse and care:
Alas! quod he, who causeth al this fare?
O mercy, God! what unhap may this mene?
Han now thus sone Grekes maad yow lene?

Or hastow som remors of conscience,
And art now falle in som devocioun,
And waylest for thy sinne and thyn offence,
And hast for ferde caught attricioun?
God save hem that biseged han our toun,
And so can leye our jolyte on presse,
And bring our lusty folk to holinesse!

These wordes seyde he for the nones alle,
That with swich thing he mighte him angry
maken,
And with an angre don his sorwe falle,
As for the tyme, and his corage awaken;
But wel he wiste, as fer as tonges spaken,
Ther nas a man of gretter hardinesse
Than he, ne more desired worthinesse.

What cas, quod Troilus, or what aventure

Hath gyded thee to see my languissching,
That am refus of every creature?
But for the love of God, at my preyenge,
Go henne away, for certes, my deyenge
Wol thee disese, and I mot nedes deye;
Therfor go wey, ther is no more to seye.

But if thou wene I be thus syh for drede,
It is not so, and therfor scorne nought;
Ther is another thing I take of hede
Wel more than ought the Grekes han ywrought.
Which cause is of my deeth, for sorwe & thought.
But though that I now telle thee it ne leste,
Be thou nought wrooth, I hyde it for the beste.

This Pandare, that neigh malt for wo and
routhe,
ful often seyde: Alas! what may this be?
Now freend, quod he, if ever love or trouthe
hath been, or is, bitwixen thee and me,
Ne do thou never swiche a crueltee
To hyde fro thy freend so greet a care;
Mostow nought wel that it am I, Pandare?

I wole parten with thee al thy payne,
If it be so I do thee no comfort,
As it is freendes right, sooth for to seyne,
To entreparten wo, as glad desport.
I have, and shal, for trewe or fals report,
In wrong and right yloved thee al my lyve;
Hyd not thy wo fro me, but telle it blyve.

Than gan this sorwful Troilus to syke,
And seyde him thus: God leve it be my beste
To telle it thee; for, sith it may thee lyke,
Yet wole I telle it, though myn herte breste:
And wel wot I thou mayst do me no reste,
But lest thou deme I truste not to thee,
Now herkne, freend, for thus it stant with me.

Love, ayeins the which whoso defendeth
Himselfen most, him alderlest avayleth,
With desespere so sorwfully me offendeth,
That streyght unto the deeth myn herte sayleth.
Therto desyr so brenningly me assayleth,
That to ben slayn it were a gretter joye
To me than king of Grece been and Troye!

Suffiseth this, my fulle freend Pandare,
That I have seyde, for now wostow my wo;
And for the love of God, my colde care
So hyd it wel, I telle it never to mo;
for harmes mighte folwen, mo than two,
If it were wist; but be thou in gladnesse,
And lat me sterve, unknowe, of my distresse.

How hastow thus unkindely and longe
hid this fro me, thou fool? quod Pandarus;
Paraunter thou might after swich oon longe,
That myn avys anon may helpen us.

This were a wonder thing, quod Troilus,
Thou coudest never in love thyselfen wisse;
How devel maystow bringen me to blisse?

Ye, Troilus, now herke, quod Pandare,
Though I be nyce; it happeth ofte so,
That oon that exces doth ful yvele fare,
By good counseyl can kepe his freend therfro.
I have myself eek seyn a blind man go
Theras he fel that coude loke wyde;
A fool may eek a wys man ofte gyde.

A whetston is no herving instrument,
And yet it maketh sharpe herving tolis.
And ther thou woost that I have ought miswent,
Eschewe thou that, for swich thing to thee scole is;
Thus ofte wyse men ben war by folis.
If thou do so, thy wit is wel biwarded;
By his contrarie is every thing declared.

for how might ever sweetnesse have be knowe
To him that never tasted bitternesse?
Ne no man may be inly glad, I trowe,
That never was in sorwe or som distresse;
Eek whyt by blak, by shame eek worthinesse,
Ech set by other, more for other semeth;
As men may see; and so the wyse it demeth.

Sith thus of two contraries is a love,
I, that have in love so ofte assayed
Grevances, oughte conne, and wel the more
Counsayllen thee of that thou art amayed.
Eek thee ne oughte nat ben yvel apayed,
Though I desyre with thee for to bere
Thyn hevvy charge; it shal the lasse dere.

I woot wel that it fareth thus by me
As to thy brother Parys an herdesse,
Which that ycleped was Oenone,
Wrot in a compleynt of hir hevynesse:
Ye say the lettre that she wroot, I gesse?
Nay, never yet, ywis, quod Troilus.
Now, quod Pandare, herkneth; it was thus:

Phebus, that first fond art of medicyne,
Quod she, and coude in every wightes care
Remede and reed, by herbes he knew fyne,
Yet to himself his conninge was ful bare;
for love hadde him so bounden in a snare,
Al for the doughter of the kinge Admete,
That al his craft ne coude his sorwe bete.

Right so fare I, unhappily for me;
I love oon best, and that me smerteth sore;
And yet, paraunter, can I rede thee,
And not myself; repreve me no more.
I have no cause, I woot wel, for to sore
As doth an hawk that listeth for to pleye,
But to thyn help yet somwhat can I seye.

And of o thing right siker maystow be,
That certayn, for to deyen in the payne,
That I shal nevermo discoveren thee;
Ne, by my trouthe, I kepe nat restreynne
Thee fro thy love, though that it were Eleyne,
That is thy brotheres wyf, if ich it wiste;
Be what she be, and love hir as thee liste.

Therefore, as freend fullich in me assure,
And tel me plat what is thyn enchesoun,
And final cause of wo that ye endure;
for douteth nothing, myn entencioun
Nis nought to yow of reprehencioun
To speke as now, for no wight may bireve
A man to love, til that him list to leve.

And witeth wel, that bothe two ben vyces,
Mistrusten alle, or elles alle leve;
But wel I woot, the mene of it no vyce is,
for for to trusten sum wight is a preve
Of trouthe, and forthy wolde I fayn remeve
Thy wrong conceyte, & do thee som wight triste,
Thy wo to telle; and tel me, if thee liste.

The wyse seyth: Mo him that is allone,
for, and he falle, he hath noon help to ryse;
And sith thou hast a felawe, tel thy mone;
for this nis not, certeyn, the nexte wyse
To winnen love, as techen us the wyse,
To walwe and wepe as Niobe the quene,
Whos teres yet in marbel been ysene.

Lat be thy weping and thy drerinesse,
And lat us lissen wo with other speche;
So may thy woful tyme seme lesse,
Delyte not in wo thy wo to seche,
As doon thise foles that hir sorwes eche
With sorwe, whan they han misaventure,
And listen nought to seche hem other cure.

Men seyn: To wrecche is consolacioun
To have another felawe in his payne.
That oughte wel ben our opinioun,
for, bothe thou and I, of love we pleyne;
So ful of sorwe am I, soth for to seyne,
That certeynly no more harde grace
May sitte on me, forwhy ther is no space.

If God wole thou art not agast of me,
Lest I wolde of thy lady thee bigyle,
Thow wost thyself whom that I love, pardee,
As I best can, gon sithen longe whyle.
And sith thou wost I do it for no wyle,
And sith I am he that thou tristest most,
Tel me sumwhat, sin al my wo thou wost.

Yet Troilus, for al this, no word seyde,
But longe he lay as stille as he ded were;
And after this with sykinge he abreyde,
And to Pandarus voys he lente his ere,
And up his eyen caste he, that in fere
Was Pandarus, lest that in frenesye
He sholde falle, or elles sone dye:

And cryde, Awake! ful wonderly and sharpe;
What? slombrestow as in a lytargye?
Or artow lyk an asse to the harpe,
That hereth soun, whan men the strenges pleye,
But in his minde of that no melodye
May sinken, him to glade, for that he
So dul is of his bestialtee?